SIGNS AND SIGN LORE.

A Custom Derived From the Remotest Antiquity.

MANY ODD ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Swinging Sign Boards of Old London-Strange Combinations of English Inn Keepers-Rome and Pompeil-The Art of Sign Making in Washington.

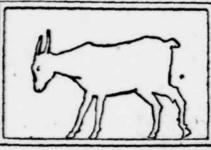
> Written for The Evening Star. ".___ The swin-ring signs your ears offend With creaking noise "_Gan



THE ORIGIN OF THE custom of exhibiting in public some visible exponent of one's business is hidden in the mists of antiquity. It is no violent supposition to imagine that that brawny worker in iron, Tubal Cain, had a hammer or other sugges-

tive tool of his trade hung to his door post, that the wayfaring man, e'en though a fool, might learn the pursuit to which his skill was devoted. In ancient Rome the insignia of trades and professions were common on the streets. Fabius speaks of a tavern he frequented adorned with the sign of a cock, and Pliny relates a venerable bon mot, still extant in our own cural dis-

He says that there was a certain prominent sign in Rôme representing an old shepherd with his staff. A German legate being asked how much he would be willing to give for this work of art replied disdainfully that he wouldn't care to have it as a gift, even if it were alive. The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii furnish numerous specimens of Roman signs, usually made of stone and terra cotta, let into the sides of shop fronts. They are mostly emblematic, as the figure of a goat on the wall of a milk shop, a bull's head on a butcher's premises,



A POMPEHAN DAIRY SIGN.

Coming down to more modern times we find that great swinging signs had become such a nuisance in London in the fifteenth century that an ordinance was passed that none should be allowed to extend more than seven feet be-yond the house walls. In 1619 the house of commons proposed to raise half a million sterling, "with great ease to the subject," as it was expressed, by levying a tax on sign boards Shakespeare's time it is not probable at any written or lettered matter was added to the pictorial representations, for very few of the "dawbers," as sign painters were then called, had education enough to spell the names of the objects they London in the reign of Charles II ing, swinging sign boards, which became so obtrusive and fruitful of accidents that an act of parliament was obtained prohibiting their being hung across the streets, and a subse-quent enactment decreed that they should be affixed that to the walls of the houses. OLD ENGLISH COMPUNATIONS.

In the early part of the eighteenth century

The "Hog in Armor," the sign adopted by a tavern in Fleet street, London, in the seven teenth century, is prob ably the most famous of this class, as it has puzzled the wits and

to account for this queer combination. The cut here given is a copy of an old print of this monster. In 1762 an exhibition in London, the catalogue of which is still amusing and interesting contribution it is to the art history of that period. The unique orthography that characterized these speci-

feelingly referred to by an old THE HOG IN ARMOR writer in The Tatter, who quaintly remarks: "I suffered stripes often at school for spelling ter the signs I observed in my way."

century by the city authorities of Canterbury to remove a venerable iron effigy of the fat knight, Sir John Falstaff, which hung in front of a tavern. It had been there, so the legends run, since the days of good Queen Bess and town council at night to prevent the prob nown in advance of the order for its



thanges in fashions, manners and methods of ited a corresponding reform in sign painting. The sign board of today, as produced by an

The sign board of today, as produced by an expert in his art, is the ultimate development of the crude efforts of the old "dawbers" and requires almost as much skill to produce the highest effects of beauty and harmony of color and symmetrical disposition of the lettering as is needed in a first-class painting.

Paris, as might be expected, leads the world in this branch of art, and history, poetry and romance are laid under contribution by her sign painters to add at tractiveness to the essentially commercial nature of their work. In the boulevards the shop signs refer largely to some topic of current insigns refer largely to some topic of current in-terest, artistically illustrated, while beautiful landscapes with cattle are found over the doors

efforts they make in advertising their own business. As to the best form of sign there will always be a wide difference of opinion. One artist asserts that plain gold letters on a black ground make the handsomest and most appropriate signs for almost any kind of business, and this style seems to be the favorite here. But there are enough of other layorite here. But there are enough of other sorts to dispel any appearance of sameness in the mass of these indispensable adjuncts to trade that adorn our business thoroughfares. Seventh street has probably the greatest variety within certain lines, the avenue and F street the highest artistic displays, while some out-of-the-way streets afford some rare treats in the way of originality and illiteracy combined.

ODD SIGNS IN THIS CITY. A unique specimen is the announcement outside of a little shop in the extreme end of South Washington, consisting of simply three oyster shells nailed to a board—expressive if simple. On H street not far from 9th a dealer, who has also the courage to operate the paint brush, ex-presses his contempt for the ordinary rules of mposition in these succinct terms: "Feed-od' and coal." Down near the wharves is a ign board announcing in bold and irregular haracters that "Sand-witches and softdrinks" may be had within. Another within hailing distance informs the public that "cigars and tobacco confectionary" are on sale. "Devil erabs" is so common that it excites no remark. In an alley near the government printing office there used to be a board, over the door of a hitle tenement, that has acquired quite a national reputation. It bore the simple words "Goin' Out Whitewashin' Don Hear." The "Goin' Out Whitewashin' Don Hear." The printers soon "got onto it," and from them it reached the newspaper men and was made famous. Away up 7th street a gentleman interested in wearing appared displays a huge tin fish in front of his place with the word "Clothing" painted on it. The natural if wiolent inference might be that some kind of garment for either the finny tribe or anglers was to be had there until it was discovered that the proprietor's name is "Fish." There used to be on F street near the treasury a sample room with the odd name of "The Office" emblazoned over its portal. It was quite a convenience for thirsty clerks, who could truthfully explain that they had been in "The Office," even if not at their desks. It seems to have been modeled been in "The Office," even if not at their desks. It seems to have been modeled after a famous hostelry in Norwich known as "Nowhere," for the benefit of laggard husbands in answering their helpmeets inquiries. "The Last Chance saloon that used to flourish on the avenue at the foot of the Capitel was an example of the fitness of things to thirsty souls, as on the reverse of the sign coming down the hill appeared the words. "The First Chance." It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. It is rather a pity that a traveler should be so curiously sensitive. example of the fitness of things to thirsty souls, as on the reverse of the sign coming down the hill appeared the words "The First Chance."

It has disappeared in the march of improvements and has left no successor. Another old-timer on the avenue was a picture of the sun and under it the words. The best liquors under the sun, "clearly an importation from England, where devices of ten to. There are soft, sweet voices of women that used to be common in taverns and small

A SIGN THAT USED TO BE POPULAR. The old changeable or dissolving sign that shows three different pictures or announcements according to the point of view, and was onsidered a wonderful piece of art in our fathers' days, has almost entirely disappeared. There is but one in this city. Up 3d street there has stood for these many years over a pharmacy door a sign board inscribed "Druggist and Apothecary." When twitted about the re-dundancy of this announcement, the pro-prietor, a well-read man, replied: "A druggist sells drugs; an apothecary compounds prescrip-tions. I do both and I want the people to

Theater is a relic of war times in a queer-look-ing sign painted on the wall of one of the old bricks now occupied as commission houses. The huge letters, blurred and defaced covering a space of fully thirty feet, look like a hieroglyphic puzzle from across the street, and it requires close examination to decipher them as proclaiming a business that flourished best when death reaped his greatest harvests. They In the early part of the eighteenth century commenced that curious craze in England for combinations, which resulted in such astonishing devices as "The Bull and Mouth," "The Whale and Crow," "The Shovel and Boot," "The Leg and Star," "The Ebbic and Swan," **

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**The Leg and Star," "The Ebbic and Swan," ** The Leg and Star, "The Bible and Swan, dr., for which antiquarian scholars have been kept busy ever since finding plausible explanations.

beneath it, in all its grisly suggestiveness of the old days of bloodshed and shughter, it is left without further explanation for the inspection of The Star readers interested.

that I have a big respect for, says a writer in the New York Herald. She is a typewriter, but she is not much like the kind the newspapers are always telling stories about, though, like them, she is pretty—as pretty as a picture and as good as if she were old and ugly. She is

less, ignorant little orphan you would care to hear of, and she had four younger sisters, each of the office said he was asnamed to send her on errands, but she did her work so well that he America. There is no doubt a great deal of concluded it would pay to spend a couple of slang in America. But the one virtue of

dollars in fixing her up. She made herself a skillful operator, although She made herself a skillful operator, although to begin with she was uncommonly clumsy.

The fact was she had something else on her mind than finding a husband to support her. She was thinking about those four little sisters. They were living around with relatives, most of whom were very poor, and when they were not poor they were exceptionally cross and cruel to wake up. This little woman, call her Annie if you like, had an ambition to be a mother to those little sisters.

They was thinking about those four little sisters.

They were living around with relatives, most of whom were very poor, and when they were not poor they were exceptionally cross and cruel to wake up. This little woman, call her Annie if you like, had an ambition to be a mother to those little sisters.

cherished plan.
She got together those four sisters. She took until they could buy it, not on the installment plan. In the meanwhile they would all have plenty of good food, such as they had not had before, because furniture is a luxury,...

Two of the girls were learning typewriting in the same way she did. The two younger ones were in school. They camped along as best they could and were happy. That was a year and a haif ago. Now three of them are earning good pay, as salaries go—there is a prejudice in that big office building where Annie is in favor of the family—one of the younger ones is learning the business in the old way. Their home is as pretty a little place in its modest way as there is in Harlem, and their relatives are more helpful and kind than ever before—because nothing succeeds like success. nothing succeeds like success.

And I call that young woman's a success

From the Indianapolis Journal. She let him flounder along through his proposal until he said something about her being

his "household angel through life." Then she "At angels' wages, I suppose?"

"How is that?"
"My board and clothes. That is all the angels get, is it not?"

Miss Mittens—"But—?"
Mr. Brotherton—"You promised to be my sister last night, you know, and my sister used to do all my mending before she was married." Work on the main grounds of the world's

Washington of late years has produced some masters in the art whose productions will compare favorably with those of any other city. Their own signs, it has been remarked, are finer than most of those they design for customers, but if their patrons would stand the expense they could doubtless surpass the best was from \$444,827 to \$357,000.

AND. LANG ON KIPLING.

The Young Man Severely Scored and by an A compatriot of Budyard Kipling, obviously Andrew Lang, thus takes him editorially to task in the London Daily News for his recently published articles on America:

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is displeased with America. He does not like its ways. He disapproves of its hotel clerks. He is offended by is accent, especially by the accent of its women. He is disquieted by its interviewers, and on that point we can only say that we are not surprised. But it is only fair to say that there are interviewers in other lands as well as in the American states. America may have had the odious distinction of inventing the interviewer, odious responsibility of adopting and nations izing and multiplying him. America may izing and multiplying him. America may have sinned by inventing him out of pure lightness of heart, but surely the countries that forewarned, and therefore forearmed, encouraged him to grow and blossom and bourgeon and spread among them are more culpable still than even his heedless inventors. However, we are not going to find fault with Mr. Kipling because he does not like interviewers. He says they have no such newspaper tribe in India; but then, can it be that Mr. Kipling never reads any of the Indian newspapers? Or can it be that in the Indian newspapers? papers? Or can it be that in the Indian news-papers the editors invent the interviews without taking the trouble to send round the interviewer to waylay his victim? If we can trust

this kind die hard. The trite announcement | along the Pacific slope, and there are musica skops, "pay today: we trust tomorrow," seems to be of classic origin, for Fabius relates that a wine shop in Rome bore the device of a cock, with this inscription beneath it: "When the cock crows credit will be given."

Louisiana. Not all the voices of Anglo-Indian women are like the voice of Cordelia, and there are doubtless English ladies whose reading from Shakespeare would be surely to the prejudice of the immortal bard in the cars of a too sensi-

> If one is in a mood to find fault one finds reasons for fault finding. Dickens strongly advised people never to travel with the preconceived idea, "How clever am and how funny every one clee is." Dickens himself, perhaps, began his own traveling with something of this idea but his warring against it was only the more justifiable on that account. Mr. Kipling widently went to America with the conviction from deep in his soul, "How clever I am, and how funny every one else is." His estimate of himself is reasonable enough, but we distrust his estimate of every one else.
>
> In a certain Bohemian club Mr. Kipling was told some good stories, specimens of which he reproduces. Is it possible that the little chest-put hell was not true while these stories.

reproduces. Is it possible that the little chest-nut bell was not rung while these stories were being told? For they are as old as the hills from which the "Plain Tales" themselves have come. The tellers of the stories must have felt a fearful joy when they found they had got hold of a young man fresh from India to whom these ancient narratives were new and amusing Mr. Kipling, it is right to say, is grateful for the stories, even if he is not grateful for any-thing else in America. His books are well ap-preciated in the United States. He was recognized in America as soon or almost as soon as he was recognized here. It is certainly a sign and an evidence of his independence of character and the unpurchasable toughness of his judgment that he cannot be won over by mere praise. If he does not like a lady's accent he

the same way. He "goes for" the hotel clerk accordingly.

Poor hotel clerks! We have heard, we have

much comfort in their American wanderings from the courtesy and kind attentiveness of the hotel clerk. But there are hotel clerks of

Mr. Kipling finds fault with the slang of you like, had an ambition to be a mother to those little sisters.

A mother? What she is now is mother, and father, too!

The first money she could scrape together from her typewriting she spent learning stenography. She could not afford all the lessons she needed, but she made it up in hard work by herself. She was not gifted with the qualities for making the best stenographer—the boald, all she could and came out better than the average that do office work, and since that she hould, bas had comparatively easy smiling.

People had noticed her; she got a good position; not much money, as you count money, but enough to start her in executing a long cherished plan.

She got together those four sisters. She took

deal of slang in England, and judging by Mr. Kipling's novels they must have an immense amount of slang in the English seciety of Indian regions. Mr. Kipling's latest novel, "The Light That Failed," is a story of Fngland and is practically all slang. The men and women never for one sentence, never by any chance, talk pure English. The whole conversation is a mere jargon which to a foreigner not well skilled in the English vernacular of daily life would be a hopeless puzzle out of which no dictionory could help him. It is all very clever, but enough to start her in executing a long cherished plan.

She got together those four sisters. She took

Kipling's English slang is genuine—and it is—
why talk of America as if it were the one country on the face of the earth from the lips of
whose children comes forth the language of
slang? Some of the customs which Mr. Kipling
describes as still existing in America were
existing no doubt in the days of Martin Chuzzlewit, but from what we have
have not heard, we should not have been
inclined to regard them as existing now. Still,
Mr. Kipling is the man who has been there and
ought to know. It is some comfort to any one
who may have to travel on the other side of the
Atlantic to believe that there are other things
in America besides pompous hotel clerks and
shrill-voiced women and spittoons. No visitor
is compelled to engage his attention only with

tion. And he made most of his money in the stationery business. There are many rich men in almost any other line of business—rich drygoods merchants, rich hotel men, rich grocers, rich hardware dealers. But jewelers, who are quite generally believed to be wealthy as a class, are rarely outside of the well-to-do circle, financially speaking.

There is a public library in a New Engla city to which Edward King of Newport had made gifts, including several statues. On the pedestals of these was duly inscribed an acknowledgment to the donor. A lady who was being shown about the library one day paused

THE MAN OF MANY WOUNDS. He Named Them All After the Big Battles He Had Been In.

establishment. A gray-haired veteran lay en one of the cots, softly humming a battle song. when he was approached by a younger man arrayed in the regulation bath house toga. "Come here often, general?" asked the

"Ah, Jim, is that you?" mid the general. "No. not often. I'm not much on Turkish The sheet covering the general had become

displaced, and an ugly-looking scar on his thigh was disclosed. Jim noticed it. "What in the world is that, general?" he The general fingered the scar affection

and replied:

"That? O, I call that Antietam."

"And that on the calf of the leg?"

"I call that Chancellorsville."

"Goodness! That's an awful scar on your left breast."

"Yes. Second battle of Bull Run."

"And your neck?" "Vicksburg."
A crowd gathered around the cot and looked at the scarred veteran with admiration. He put his hands under the back of his head, and, upon invitation, launched into a series of thrilling war stories, keeping them up until one by one the crowd had melted away, each disappearing through the door that led to the plunge. Then the veteran gathered his toga about him and started after them.

"Nearly shot to pieces," suggested one who had lingered.
"Who?" asked the veteran. "Why, you." replied the stranger.
"Me? I was never shot." "But that sear on your thigh?"

"Cut myself with a hatchet when I was And the others?" "And the others?"
"Hit myself with an ice pick on the calf of the leg, had a small cancer removed from my left breast, and a boil lanced on my neck. Lance mark never healed."

lorsville."
"I? O, no. I said I called it Chancellorsville. I've named my scars after the fights I was in. I wasn't hurt in any." But he is still pointed out as a brave man who was nearly shot to pieces.

TWO DIMPLES FOR TEN CENTS.

Delightful Result of a Recent Whit Purchase in Nassau Street.

A young Brooklyn Benedict, says the New York Sun, sauntered down Nassau street several months ago in a reverie. He was thinking of his home across the bridge. An interesting event was soon to happen there, and he was on his way to a fruit store to buy some dainties for his young wife. His face beamed with happy anticipation of the thanks of the little woman who awaited his return. He pushed through the crowd of pedestrian without heeding anything or having the train of pleasant fancies diverted until he passed a young Italian image peddler. The Italian's stock of plaster work was displayed in high doorway out of the way of the busy throng. The sunbeams lighted up the statuettes. The Benedict looked down at them, walked on a few steps, then turned back. Two tiny busts had attracted his attention. One represented a boy crying, with his cap pulled away over his right eye. The other was a dim-pled-cheek girl. laughing. They captivated the

"How much are they?" he asked the Italian.
"Tena centa," replied the peddler, his face lighting up gayly at the prospect of a pure.

chase.

"All right. I'll take 'em." the Brooklynte said, and when the peddler had wrapped them in an old newspaper he tucked them in his overcoat pocket and continued on his way to the fruit store. He hid the images when he got home and without his wife's knowledge placed them upon the mantel in the divisor seem home and without his wife's knowledge placed them upon the mantel in the dining room, where she would see them the first thing in the morning. "It will be a little surprise," he thought. The plan worked to perfection. The mistress of the household gave a little cry of delight as she caught fight of the girl's head.
"What pretty dimples," she said, when the young Benedict came down to breakfast.

Yes; rather pretty for the price. I thought you'd like 'em,' the husband replied.

In two months' time the happy event that th

A week later the healthy infant looked up at the ceiling and smiled. Her fat cheeks creased into two unmistakable dimples. The Benedict laughed. He was immensely tickled. The dimples looked as pretty as could be, and he was proud of the fact.
"But where on earth did the dimples come

an hour later. His eye chanced to sean the mantel and rested on the 5-cent busy of the

laughing girl.
"By George!" he fairly shouted, "there are

nature. The dimples had captivated the young wife. She saw them daily. They had made a lasting and pleasing impression upon her mind, and, as often happens, what the mother most admired had been reproduced in her child. "It's lucky it wasn't a boy," said the Benedict philosophically. It might have been a crier of the worst description."

Costly Fare for a Day Laborer,

From the Chicago Tribune.

Digging post holes on the lake front for the "This world's fair for \$1.50 per day and paying \$8 a day for board at the Auditorium will not increase a man's bank account, but Will Mahar is one who has had some experience in that direction. He is at present a guest at the big

ceived a call from Clerk Will Shafer. He was told he attracted altogether too much attention from the guests in the dining room. He now takes his meals in the cafe.

Mr. Mahar, to say the least, is eccentric. Last week the crowds of people that gathered to see the first shovelful of earth dug up on the lake front by the laborers saw Mr. Mahar step forward with his shovel and begin work. As long as there was employment for the laborers Mahar earned his \$1.50 per day, and just as regularly his bill at the Auditorium increased at the rate of \$8 per day. As Mahar does not resemble Ward McAllister or any of the other prosperous-looking guests in the house, Mr. prosperous-looking guests in the house, Mr. Shafer modestly suggested to the eccentric boarder one day last week, as it was "near the first of the month, he had better settle his accounts."

"Why, certainly," replied Mahar, and, pulling

"Why, certainly," replied Mahar, and, pulling from his pocket a roll of bills, paid what was due the house and demanded a receipt.

Yesterday Mahar occupied his time in walking up and down the hotel rotunda. His makeup was a unique one. Mahar said it was his own patent. It consisted of a black pair of trousers held up by a stout piece of cord tied tightly around his waist, a soiled white shirt, and a silk hat of the vintage of '54.

"Don't you find living at the Anditorium "Don't you find living at the Auditorium rather expensive?" he was asked.
"My assets are \$2,400, and I guess I can board at the Auditorium if I want to," replied

Jewelers Never Get Rich.

From the Chicago Mail.

"Jewelers never get rich," said a Chicago jeweler last night. "If we could secure only 10 per cent of the profits which many people suppose we get we would make more money than we now do. There never has been but one rich jeweler in America. Tiffany of New

How Professor Fawcett Found a Wife. From the Indianapolis Journal.

The sudden manner in which Dr. Schliemann fell in love with his second wife recalls the story of Henry Fawcett, England's blind postmaster general. He had been talking at a public meeting when the news of Lincoln's death was re-

Thereupon Miss Garrett (afterward Mrs. Faw-cett), much moved, exclaimed: "Better every crowned head in Europe had fallen than the world deprived of that one

MR. BOWSER'S RELAPSE. Mrs. Bowser Relates How Her Good Man

Returned to His Old Ways.

I am deeply pained to be obliged to inform the public that Mr. Bowser has had a relapse It wasn't entirely unexpected, but was still streak" lasted eleven days. During that time linery bill of \$12 without a word, raised the cook's wages 50 cents per week, acknowledge that I could buy groceries cheaper than he could, insisted on allowing me \$5 pin money per week and was so different from his usual self in other ways that I was quite bewildered He went away from the house Saturday noon fairly beaming with goodness, and as he reached the bottom step he turned and said:
"Tra-la, chickey! We'll run down town this

evening and see about getting some new silver ware. When he returned I was at the door to meet him and to greet him, but he waved me aside me, now, but don't be playing baby at your age!"
"Are you sick, Mr. Bowser!"

"No!" What's the matter that supper isn't ready? If that good-for-nothing lazy cook doesn't get up and stir her stumps more lively I'll fire her on a minute's notice. Mrs. Bowser, "Why, Mr. Bowser! You told me only yesterday that Anna was the smartest cook you ever saw in a kitchen!"

ever saw in a kitchen!"
"Never did! Never said a word which could
be twisted around to mean such a thing!"
"And you raised her wages?"
"I did that to smarten her up, but it is no At the table Mr. Bowser found fault with the biscuit, the tea, the cold meat and everything else, and finally called out: "Mrs. Bowser, are you stone blind?"

"Of course not."
"Then how came you to buy such honey as this? Any one but a blind woman could see that it is buckwheat and not clover. Why, a dog wouldn't touch it!" "But you ordered it yourself."
"What!" "You ordered it of Green through the tele-

phone Thursday. Don't you remember you had to spell out the word honey before he could understand?" "Never! Never telephoned! Never spelled out the word! Better take it out and bury it!" After supper I began to get ready to go down town, when he suddenly looked up from his paper and asked: "What's up now?"

"Why, you said we were to go down town this "You must be crazy! Don't you suppose I ver want a night to sit down and rest myself? it's a wonder there's a woman left alive on sarth! It's nothing but gad, gad, gad, from morning till night. What do you want down "You said we'd see about some silver

Silver ware! Silver ware! Great Scott! but is the woman a lunatic! We've got bushels of it now in the house! We've got it in the closet, down cellar, up-stairs and in the garret! It'll be the insane asylum next!"
"Mr. Bowser, didn't you call me chickey when you went away at noon?" "Chickey! Never!"

"But you certainly did."
"I certainly didn't! Chickey? Well, when I get as soft as that I want some ice wagon t About 8 o'clock that evening he removed his shoes to put on his slippers, but suddenly pansed and inquired:

"Is there a darning-needle in this house, Mrs.

package and began to sew back and forth across the hole. He also made a determined attempt to look like a martyr, and he succeeded so well that the cook, who had looked in for a mo-

put it on and then went for his overcoat, say-

from?" he said. "There have nt been any in our families."

"A happy whim of nature, I suppose," said the young mother, and she kissed each dimple several times.

"But you only got this overcoat last fall," I protested, "and if there was a loose button you should have called my attention to it."

He felt of all the buttons twice over before he could find a loose one, and then he made a great ado about cutting it off and sewing it on

again. I was rather glad to see that he made a mistake of two inches in putting it back. When he had finished I mildly inquired whether he would have beefsteak or macke.el for break-

do with the provisions, unless you sell them second-hand or give them away." "Yes, and you have spent every red of it, and Are now in debt for \$10 more!"

Mr. Bowser, here is my account. It starts off with three bars of soap." "Hold on. You have praised the table all the

week, and yet my bill foots up—"
"Haven't praised a thing—not a thing!"
"Well, how much does it foot up? See for yourself. I've run our table on about \$8, yourself. I've run our table on about \$8, while I have used another dollar for extra things for kitchen and laundry.

"Nine dollars! Nine dollars! Great Scott! But is it any wonder men seem to pity me as I walk out? You have wasted \$9 in a week!"

"But you have said that it often cost you \$16 to run the house for a week."

"Never! I've always run it for five or six and been reckless at that. That's it. Let a woman have the swing and she'll bankrupt the world in a year."

"No use—no use! I'm going to bed. I'll probably have to get up at 6 to defend the nouse against your mob of creditors clamoring or their pay. Such a house! Such a wife!"

her husband ere another twelvemonth has elapsed. The yellow garter must be worn day and night and never removed save when the

From the San Francisco Examiner.

People who noticed in the Examiner window recently a splendid cast of the head of Sitting Bull will be interested to hear the pretty ro mance of the young artist whose work it was. young lady of less than eighteen years of age, bids fair to take front rank among the host of

artists that the Pacific slope can claim as its

wn. Her first start in her chosen prefession can

be directly traced to a large English mastiff

be directly traced to a large English mastiff owned by her family, although her artistic as-pirations date back to her early childhood. One day while accompanied by the mastiff she passed the open door of a sculptor's studio. The animal rushed in and, with apparent delib-eration, knocked over the pedestal upon which was placed for exhibition the artist's latest work. An arm and leg were shattered, and the piece lay a seeming work on the floor the piece lay a seeming wreck on the floor The attendant was wild. The girl endeavored The attendant was wild. The girl endeavored to make excuses for the dog, but nothing would answer. Offers were made to pay for the damage, but to no avail. The man dreading that upon the artist's return he would lose his position was inconsolable. The girl begged to be allowed to repair the piece, and after repeated entreaties the man consented, with the remark that while he did not believe it could be fixed, he was very certain she could not be fixed, he was very certain she could not injure it. He mixed the clay for her and watched with interest the unpracticed fingers doing the work that the accomplished artist had so lately finished and taken so much pride in. An hour passed with most gratifying results; the arm was restored and was perfect; the attendant was happy. Another hour the leg approached completion, when lo, the artist appeared on the scene. He took in the stuation at a glance, and, unnoticed by the occumnts of the room, watched the by the occupants of the room, watched the work. Finished, explanations are in order and given. The artist is charmed, declares the work of restoration has added new charms to the piece, and having heard from the girl the great ambition of her life, went with her to her home and insisted that her parents should allow her an opportunity to learn the art for which she had evidently so much inherent

HAD NO CHANCE.

The Professor's Interesting Discourse Was Rather Too Much for the Clock. From the Chicago Tribune. The professor was making one of his

sional calls. "I am pleased to find, Miss Laura," he was saying, "that you appear to take an interest in this subject of the architecture of the middle ages. It has always had a strong fascination for me. I confess, however, that of late I have been studying with more interest, if possible, the problem of emigration. Has it not occurred to you that there is need of a deeper insight into this great question?"

"Why, yes, professor," replied the young ady, 'I suppose so, but"—
"I knew it could not fail to present itself to your mind, Miss Laura, as one of the most absorbing of topics. You have seen, I dare say, the report read by Dr. William Farr before the London Statistical Society of 1853, in which he gave several very interesting tables showing the value of agricultural laborers' wages and the necessary cost of their maintenance "Why, no, professor, but"—
"But you are familiar, of course, with the

general results of his investigations. Just so.
They were published, as you may remember,
in all the leading scientific and industrial journals. More recently Dr. Becker, chief of the

"Why, professor"——
"Ah! I remember. It was Senator Hamlin of Maine, as you were about to remark, Miss Laura; it was Senator Hamlin. Mr. Sargent of California-ever meet Mr. Sargent?"

"Why"—
"Genial and lovable soul, Miss Laura. Full "Genial and lovable soul, mass Laura. Full of interesting facts and figures. But bless me! I had no idea it was getting so late. Did not the clock strike 10 a moment ago?"

"I think it tried to strike, professor," said

There are people of whom one never tires, says the New York World, no matter how often one sees them nor how intimate the associaperpetual charm and variety that makes them delightful companions. They are sure to be good-tempered. There is never any fear of finding them in a pet, nor a prey to some illhumor wholly unreasonable and unexplainable.

They are pleased when you are pleased and interested in what you have to say. They are interested in what you have to say. They are so sympathetic that your file and troubles become their own and your friends become so dear to them that not for the world would they do anything to rob you of them. Sometimes with these bright, sweet natures you find the added charm of originality and when you come across such a one treasure it and preserve it as one of the pearls of your life, for seldom, indeed, are talent, originality and good nature found combined in one mortal frame. A nature that is so richly endowed is three-fold talented. It has the talent of magnetism, the talent of keeping the talent of magnetism, the talent of keeping good natured and the priceiess talent of originality, which, as Rudyard Kipling says, is not the discovery of anything new, but is rather a new way of looking at old things. And

The following question was put to Thomas A. Edison by John S. Wise, says the New York Sun, in a recent lawsuit in which Mr. Edison was a witness. The answer by Mr. Edison gives a pretty clear definition of the words "ampere" and "volt," which are much used

Q .- "Explirin what is meant by the number of volts in an electric current?" A .- "I will have to use the analogy of a water and a turbine wheel. If I have a turbine wheel and allow a thousand gallons per second to fall from a height of one foot on the turbine, I get a certain power, we will say one abroad was asked what she enjoyed most of all in her experiences. She has been through the greater part of Europe and has sailed up the Nile as well, and it was expected that she would answer that the view of St. Peter's at Rome, of the great Sphinx, or of some other of the world's wonders would be cited as the thing which had most pleased her. Instead of naming any of these, however, she replied with no hesitation:

"The nap I had in Henry VII's chapel."

"The nap you had?" her questioner repeated doubtfully.

"Tes. I got to Westminster Abbey so thoroughly tired that it seemed to me that I could never get rested again to the end of my days. I went into the chapel and sat down in one of the stalls where some antique ecclesiastic had been in the habit of drowsing through the service, and I had the loveliest nap that was evergiven to a mortal. I shall remember it to my dying day. I am sure that it saved me from madness, and it was the thing I enjoyed most a mortal and the street is not the damage, but it is the velocity or the great man and that if we took one gallon and took it up a thousand feet and let it fall down it would crash him. So it is not the damage, but it is the velocity or the pressure that produces the effect."

Look Out for Yellow Garters.

The fortunate girl is the one who has a yellow garter given her by the bride of less than a solid part of the stalls where some antique ecclesiastic had been in the habit of drowsing through the service, and I had the loveliest nap that was evergiven to a mortal. I shall remember it to my dying day. I am sure that it saved me from madness, and it was the thing I enjoyed most among my experiences abroad."

Look Out for Yellow Garters.

The fortunate girl is the one who has a yellow garter given her by the bride of less than a solution of current, we will any end the thousand gallons of tunder one volt of under one volt of under one volt of pressure. Thus we have a will any end the thousand gallons of the tamount of current; we will call the thousand gallons of horse power. Now, the one foot of fall will rep-

A newsboy about a foot and a half high to

If Little Babies

Could Write Letters

WHAT a host of grateful testimonials the proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies would receive. How their little hearts would overflow in ink! They know what they have suffered from itching and burning eczemas and other itching, scaly, blotchy, and pimply skin and scalp diseases before the Cuticura Rem-

edies were applied. Parents, are you doing right by your little ones to delay a moment longer the use of these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies? Everything about the

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Remedies invites the confidence of parents. They are absolutely pure, and may be used on the youngest infants. They are agreeable to the most sensitive. They afford instant relief in the

severest forms of agonizing, itching, and burning skin and scalp diseases, and are by far the most economical (because so speedy) of all similar remedies. There can be no doubt that they daily perform more great cures than all other skin and blood remedies combined. Mothers, nurses, and children are among their warmest friends. "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to mothers.

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VALUABLE IMPROVED PROPERTY ON MARY-LAND AVENUE BETWEEN THIRTFENTH

SOUTHWEST, BEING HOUSE No. 1819 MARY-LAND AVENUE SOUTHWEST, AT AUCTION.
On THURSDAY AFTEINDON, FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH, at HALF-PAST FOUR OFFICIAL WE WILL SOUTH ALF-PAST FOUR OFFICIAL WE WILL SOUTH ALF OFFI ALF-PAST FOUR OFFI AUCTION AND AUCTION OF A STANDARD OFFI AUCTION OF AUCTION OF A STANDARD OFFI AUCTION OF A STANDARD OF A STANDARD OF A STANDARD OF A STANDARD OFFI AUCTION OF A STANDARD OF A ST TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE INPLOVED REAL ESTATE ON NINTE STREET NORTH EAST BETWEEN HAND I STREETS.

C. H. KNIGHT. THOMAS DOWLING.

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneces, M20 Penn. ave. n.w.

SPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE SALE BY AUCTION OF THE CONTENTS OF THE 13-ROOM DWELLING HOUSE NO. 310 IATHS T. N.W.,

MONDAY MORNING. FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD, AT 10 OCCLOCK A. M.
THE FURNITURE, WHICH IS ALL, IN ELEGANT CONDITION, CONSISTS IN PART OF

Parlor Suite, Walnut, Tennessee and White Marble top, Chamber Furniture, Oak and Cottage Chamber Suites. Hair and Shuck Mattress, Woven Wire Springs, Toilet Wara, Pillows and Boisters, Rockers, M. T. Tables, Lace Curtains, Portieres and Poies, Shades, Beddink, Fine Wainut M. T. Mirror Back Bouffet, Wainut Extension Table, Bent Wood Dining Chairs, classware, Bed and Table Linen, Oak Mirror Back Hat Rack, Large Canvas Awming, IAXAO: Refrigerator, Ice Box, Eitchen Furniture and requisites.

LARGE CASE OF STUFFED BIRDS,
REPTILES AND ANN MALS, CONTAINING OVER 150 VARIETIES. THE CALIFETS
THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE ARE IN ELEGANT CONDITION, BEING ALMOST NEW, AND ARE SULTABLE FOR HALLS, PARLOR, DINING ROOM AND CES AMBLES.

The attention of parties returnishing and dealers is directed to this side, as everything is in good condition, but must be sold, as it is the property of a gentleman leaving the city.

RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO.

I'HOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF

THE ALPINE.

To be sold at public auction on the above mention premises on MONDAY, FEBRICARY TWENT THIRD, 1891, commencing at TEN O'CLOCK. Do-cre and private buyers should give this sale their s

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blotches, and blackheads. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. LADIES' GOODS. M iss binch wishes her friends and pa-tures to know that she has recovered from her recent alines and is prepared for spring work. 2019 16th st. n. w.

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About 8 o'clock that evening he removed his shoes to put on his slippers, but suddenty paused and inquired:

"Is there a darning-needle in this house, Mrs. Bowser,"

"Why, certainly."

"And a piece of sheep twine?"

"Why, certainly."

"And a piece of sheep twine?"

"I want to darn this hole in my sock. Some men's wives can see such things in half an hour, but this one has been here three weeks. I vegot to darn it, the same as I have to sew on my own buttons. I suppose I'll have to make the bed and sweep the floor in another week."

"Those socks were all right when you changed Sunday. I'll darn'em the first thing in the morning."

"I'm sure correct, Miss Laura. The testimony changed Sunday. I'll darn'em the first thing in the morning."

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"I'm sure correct, Miss Laura. The testimony changed Sunday. I'll darn'em the first thing in the morning."

"You are correct, Miss Laura. The testimony needle for him, but he hunted one out of the basket and then, instead of taking yarn, he got a package and began to say heck say of two services of race prejudice. It was less that followed. In the Senate there was only and heaven to say heck sunday the correct of the sure which had come around a package and began to say heck say of two services of race prejudice. It was less that the misses of the German attained the average was heaven to such that the office of the sure was a late of the manual the written request of the bistract of the lister to us, dated for this last the without not used to the m WHITE SUGAR, Gc. BIG BOT. WHISKY

BEST SUGAR CURED HAMS Best Sugar Cured Shoulder 1 doz. Cans Standard Tomatoe 1 doz. Cans Standard Tomatoe 1 doz. Cans Standard Tomatoe 1 doz. Cans Early June Pess. 3 Cans California Pesars for. 3 Cans California Pears for. 3 Cans California Pears for. 3 Cans California Pears for.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

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READ AND BE WISE.—DR. BROTHERS, 500 B at R. s. v., appeared before me and made oath that he is the oldest established expert specialist in this city and will starantee a cure in all diseases of men and furnish medicine, of no charge; consultation and advice free as any hour of the day. Subscribed and sworn to before me by Dr. BROTHERS, SAMUEL C. MILLS, a notary public in and for the District of Columbia, this 3d day of July, 1885.

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